



Ex Libris
C. K. OGDEN

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

JOSEPH B. ...



JOSEPHINE,

OR THE

ADVANTAGES OF A SUMMER.

1871

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Amelia Harriette Benson
10th Jan^y 1811.

JOSEPHINE,
OR THE
ADVANTAGES OF A SUMMER;
INTENDED FOR THE
INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT
OF
YOUNG LADIES.

“ I consider an human soul, without education, like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.”

ADDISON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES AND
ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND J. HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

1810.

100

H. Bryer, Printer, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

JOSEPHINE.

CHAPTER I.

“ The spring time of our years
“ Is soon dishonoured and defiled in most
“ By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
“ To check them.”

COWPER.

I AM an Old Maid; and perhaps, in a degree, tinctured with some of those peculiarities which the world attaches to that ridiculed body of females; but I would gladly flatter myself, that I am perfectly free from the more glar-

ing, and prominent faults, which are attributed to my sisterhood.— Scandal, and censoriousness, I have no relish for; on the contrary, to hear of the amiable characters, and good actions of others, gives me heartfelt pleasure; and I wish to do good, and administer to the necessities of my fellow creatures, as far as my limited power and the contracted circle in which I move will admit of.

Perhaps this is all that it is necessary to say of myself; for I make no figure in the future pages of this book, being intirely in the back ground; but powerfully wish-

ing to benefit my young female friends, I am impelled to give them, the history of a Summer, in the life of a little Girl; an important Summer! as most probably it stamps her future character in life.

Early in the spring of eighty-four, I was called suddenly to Bath, on account of the indisposition of a sister; I found her in a state which precluded the possibility of recovery; on her death-bed, she warmly recommended to my care and affection, her only child, a girl about thirteen; I promised that she should be to me as a

daughter, and that I would fulfil, as far as I was able, the duties of a mother by her; this promise seemed to give much relief to my sister's mind, and in a few hours after, death deprived my niece of a fond parent, and me of a valued sister.

After the last solemn duties had been performed, I returned to my own habitation, accompanied by Josephine (my sister was a lover of strange names) whom I had not seen for more than two years, during which period she had wonderfully improved in her person. I found her a tolerable proficient in

most of the polite accomplishments which the present day requires, in the education of young women ; but the regulation of her heart, the government of her temper, and the cultivation of her mind had been wholly neglected. My sister had, with much worth, a capacity below mediocrity ; she was fond to excess of Josephine, which she imagined she gave proofs of, when she indulged her in all her desires, the consequence of which mistake may be easily ascertained.

For some weeks after our return, the loss of her mother, whom she really loved, seemed to engross

all her thoughts, but as that gradually wore off, her character began to display itself; she was at times self-sufficient, capricious, indolent and dissatisfied, and yet I imagined, under all this rubbish, I perceived something valuable at the bottom, which a skilful hand might draw forth from its dark retreat, but to which task I was altogether inadequate. My house, which had been the abode of peace and order, was strangely altered; my breakfast was prolonged to an unusual length, as my niece seldom came down till her aunt had almost finished; she was rarely ready at the dinner-hour, and my favourite

tabby fled at her approach ; these were to me, who had long led a life of repose, great grievances, and still more so to my old servant, a worthy creature, who was method itself, but whom Josephine used to call an ill-natured old maid, whom she delighted to teize.

I found I had undertaken an Herculean labour, to form the character of a young person, who was not merely ignorant, but in whom prejudices were to be eradicated, and good habits substituted in their stead ; and for which I had by no means abilities suitable for the occasion. It was matter of much se-

rious reflection to me, how I should act in so important a situation ; I had promised a dying sister to be a mother to her daughter ; it was a sacred obligation, and I wished to fulfil it in the most extensive sense of the word, but I found difficulties in the discharge of it, which I had not been aware of. It may be asked why I did not place her at a school of eminence ; my answer is soon given : I have a decided dislike to all public seminaries (this perhaps may be one of my prejudices) exterior accomplishments are only taught there, and it would be well if those only were learnt ; in the multitude of

of girls, in a school of any note, it is hardly to be expected that they are all pure; we know how contagious ill example proves, and however respectable and clever the governess may be, it is possible she may not discover the latent evil. Such are my sentiments! what was then to be done? I be-
thought me of a dear friend, eminent for her piety, understanding, and sweetness of temper, but above all, for the fortitude with which she had borne a long series of peculiar misfortune. It had pleased God to bring her through all her trials, and after being left a widow, she returned some years ago into

one of the northern counties. We had constantly corresponded, and she had given me repeated invitations; you have been witness to my sorrows said she in one of her letters, come now and see me surrounded with comforts.

A love of home, and the distance between us, had hitherto prevented my accepting these invitations; the present moment seemed to hold out inducements I had not had before. I saw incalculable advantages likely to arise to Josephine, from this visit; I lost therefore no time in carrying it into execution; I wrote to Mrs. Edgeworth, in-

forming her, of my motives, and intention; and having placed my old servant, and puss, at board wages, behold us, on the first of April, setting forward on our journey, in a post-chaise, piled up behind and before with trunks, and every vacancy within crowded with the same appendages.

New objects, and variety of scene exhilarated the spirits of Josephine, she became chatty, good tempered, and attentive to my feelings, and I was more confirmed in my belief, that nature intended her to be amiable. On the evening of the second day, about dusk, we arrived

at my friend's house; we shed tears as we embraced, and the morning stole upon us, whilst we were talking over the occurrences of years which were long gone by.

CHAPTER II.

“ Not only good and kind,

“ But strong and elevated was her mind.”

LYTTLETON.

WE did not, after the fatigue of travelling, assemble at breakfast till a late hour ; every thing around us bore the mark of neatness, comfort, and abundance ; the rich cream, the new laid eggs, and virgin honey, were all incentives to appetite. I saw by Josephine's countenance her satisfaction, for she was a lover of delicacies.

Nothing material happened for

the first two or three days, every thing wore the air of novelty, and excited the attention of my niece; she was pleased, and appeared amiable, so much so, that Mrs. Edgworth began to think I had coloured rather too highly her faults. But no long time elapsed before her habits of loitering returned. One morning we had almost finished our breakfast when she came down; the honey-crutch was emptied, the eggs were eaten, and what remained of the toast was cold; Mrs. Edgworth made no attempt to serve her, or to order any thing more comfortable for her; she helped herself to what there was in silence, and

confusion. After the things were removed, Mrs. Edgworth looked upon her with mildness and said, "I am sorry you have obliged me to treat you thus, but remember, my dear, whenever you forget what is due to others, you will draw upon yourself neglect, and contempt; you are my visitor, I am desirous of rendering your stay here agreeable, but I shall cease to have that wish, if you forget the respect that is due to me, and continue to make those breaches on good manners. Can any thing be so rude, as to disturb the order and tranquillity of a house in which you are an inmate? can you

be a welcome guest in such a case? believe me, my dear, there is no such thing as keeping up any connection in life, without politeness of behaviour; if you are deficient in that respect, you will always force others to treat you with disregard. It is true you are at present but a little girl, and have laboured under many disadvantages; but a sincere desire to oblige, and a respectful attention to those around you, will induce them to overlook your present deficiencies, and give them reason to hope, that they are owing only to the want of better instruction."

Josephine felt ashamed, and with tears in her eyes promised amendment; "I have no doubt of it, my dear, replied my friend, you have a good understanding, and I see you are ingenuous and open to reproof."

The morning was fine, and Mrs. Edgworth proposed a walk through the village, at the extremity of which her elegant cottage stood; we entered into several little habitations; the countenances of the owners brightened at her approach; she enquired into their wants, and relieved their necessities with the benignity of a guardian angel; the

blessing of those that were ready to perish ascended to heaven on her behalf. She sympathized with them in their distresses, she superintended the education of their children, and promoted afterwards their settlement in the world, in situations most suitable to their talents and circumstances; she was their Benefactress in the fullest sense of the word.

After dinner we spoke of the employment of the morning. "When I find, my dear Josephine, said Mrs. Edgworth, you have proper dispositions for the office, I shall with pleasure make you my al-

moner; the highest compliment I can pay you; for whenever such dispositions predominate, you will be ingenious to discover, and improve the means of beneficence which I shall put into your power. I know no higher gratification than to be employed in those pleasing services and attentions; which the heart of the obliged feels, and which return with interest to your own. But always remember, in doing benevolent actions, much delicacy is to be observed; the manner of doing them either enhances or takes off from their value. There are people to whom one would be willing to owe obligation, they confer it so gracefully; whilst

from others, it becomes an oppressive load; how few know to do to others, as they would wish to be done by. When our assistance is necessary to those who have fallen into misfortune from situations of superior life, we cannot be too guarded in our manner; to befriend such it is certain that the delicacy with which assistance is offered, can alone make it an act of kindness." The next morning Josephine was up early, she had walked through the village before breakfast, had looked into the cottages of the poor, whom she had visited the day before, and returned with cheerfulness arising from a consciousness of having acted right.

CHAPTER III.

“ Defend Religion’s cause with manly sense,
And practise Virtue’s rules without pretence.”

FORDYCE.

IN the course of a few days Mrs. Edgworth proposed our walking into D——, a genteel city, two miles from the village ; I visit a few families there, continued she, though I do not court society much ; with a few exceptions, I rather shrink from it ;—To enliven Josephine, I will make a point of keeping up the intercourse of good neighbourhood this summer, it may be instructive to her as well as

pleasing ; there is also a good music master in that city, I think it would not be amiss, if he attended your niece, least she should lose any of the advantages she has gained in that delightful science. I am a tolerable proficient in drawing, and I have a friend in the village, who excels in that art, and also in various works of taste, who will be happy to join with me in contributing to her further improvement.—Josephine bounded up stairs to equip herself for the walk, the road was pleasant, and we soon reached the end of our little journey ; all was life and vivacity ; the streets were crowded with military,

a fine band was playing, every thing wore the appearance of festivity, and the little girl thought it a charming place. After we had finished our business we made some calls, but only gained admittance at one elegant looking house, the Mistress of which was striking in her manner, person, and dress; she pressed Mrs. Edgworth, to fix an early day for dining with her, and gave my niece an invitation to pass a week with her daughter, a good-natured looking girl, who was dressed plainly, and said but little. All this took mightily with Josephine, her tongue run as we returned home in the praise of

Mrs. Vane. “ Oh how beautiful she is ! — and how elegant her dress ! — I am sure she is good tempered and I shall be delighted to spend a week there.” — “ Yes, it is true, said Mrs. Edgworth, she is very beautiful, and she is always remarkably well dressed ; but these have nothing to do with character ; perhaps her disposition may not be so amiable as you suppose.” — “ Oh ! I am sure she is good-tempered, replied Josephine, she speaks so sweetly, and looks so smiling, that I am sure I cannot be deceived there ; — I liked her the moment I saw her.” — “ Very well, said Mrs. Edgworth, you

shall accept her invitation. The next morning was Sunday, and we went to the village church; my niece's behaviour was careless and improper; the singers, who were indeed miserable, excited her mirth; she was obliged to bite her lips to restrain her laughter. The clergyman dined with us; he was a pious and learned man, but had the misfortune to labour under a nervous complaint, which sometimes slightly distorted his features:—he more than once caught her smiling at him. “Josephine,” said Mrs. Edgworth, when we were left alone, “I observed with concern your behaviour at church this morning;

I fear, my dear, you are very deficient in the knowledge of those principles, which should actuate your future life; you cannot surely be so ignorant as not to know, that we go there to worship God, and offer up acceptable prayer to him; how shocking is it to see this duty performed with indifference, and even sometimes worse, as in your case this morning. When you supplicate the Supreme Being, you address him as a father; consider how you would ask a favor of an earthly parent; not with coldness and lukewarmness, but with fervour; how much more then, when you implore blessings from

your heavenly Father, should your whole mind be engaged in it. "Give me thine heart," is the language of scripture, and this is the only acceptable sacrifice we can offer him ; when this is the case, our outward demeanour will be correspondent to our inmost feelings, and shew to beholders that we consider ourselves in the presence of that Being whose power and goodness are infinite. The sabbath throughout should be kept with propriety ; it does not cease when public worship ends ; the conclusion of the day should be spent with seriousness and self-examination, and I think it my duty par-

ticularly on that night, to instruct my servants ; on other evenings, I only read prayers. It is my opinion, that if this day is properly observed, it will have an effect throughout the remainder of the week, by leaving impressions which will not be effaced.

“ After having said so much, it is painful to be obliged to make another remark : you gave uneasiness at my table to day to a worthy man ; a feeling and benevolent mind never jests at natural infirmities in others ; they experience a sentiment of compassion for them, and are grateful to Provi-

dence, that they have not the same imperfections." There was no need of language to declare Josephine's contrition and sorrow, it spoke in every line of her expressive face.

CHAPTER IV.

“ For hope of better days attend the good,
“ And virtue, like the wild bee, can extract
“ Even from the bitter of adversity,
“ Sweet solace.”

“ MA’AM, said Mary, as she was busy in removing the breakfast tray, Mrs. Herbert is returned home ;” “ I am glad of it,” replied my friend, “ go with my compliments of enquiry after her health, and say if it is convenient, we will take our tea with her this evening. This is the lady, said Mrs. Edgworth, that lodges at the

shopkeeper's in the village, and who will help me in the task of instruction; I have the highest esteem for her, and this morning, after Josephine rises from her music, instead of her reading whilst we are at work, I will give you the outline of her history."

As soon as we were seated round the working table; "Mrs. Herbert," said my friend, "was the daughter of a professional man; an only child; no pains were spared to accomplish her in every fashionable science, and she learned with avidity; the praise she received gratified her father's pride, who

was an imprudent character, thoughtless and profuse, seldom looking beyond the present moment ; the consequence of which was, that on his death, which happened suddenly, his wife and daughter were left in the greatest distress, no provision having been made for them. Such a change from affluence to misery, was more than his unhappy wife could support ; she never recovered the shock, but fell into a rapid decline, and in a few months followed her husband to the grave, leaving her poor daughter to the world without fortune, the want of which too frequently deprives you of every friend, at

the time when they are most necessary. A sister of her father's, who had a young family, offered her an asylum in her house; not from motives of benevolence, but from the hope that her talents might be rendered useful to herself, in contributing to assist in the education of her children. In the common intercourse of civilities, little of the real character appears; to know the world, it is necessary to be dependant; then there will be an opportunity of observing an infinite variety in the tempers and dispositions of those who, to their equals, appear uniformly amiable. At first she was treated with kind-

ness, but that gradually wore away, and she soon felt all the misery of dependance. I cannot enter into all the particulars of her sufferings ; no exertions, however powerful, gained the end she aimed at, giving pleasure and satisfaction to her aunt ; who continually told her, let her do what she would, she never could make sufficient returns for her kindness ; taxing her with ingratitude, and daily enumerating in her hearing the obligation she was under to her ;— In this unhappy situation she felt,

“ ’Twas liberty alone that gives the flower
“ Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,”

and began to consider, whether it

was not possible to emancipate herself from this worse than Egyptian bondage. The mind that is determined to be independant, will always find within itself the necessary resources. She knew she was capable of exertion, and soon made up her mind upon the subject; she laid open her sentiments to a friend of her mother's, who entered into her feelings, and very soon procured her a situation as teacher in a respectable boarding school, the governess of which was a truly good woman. Here she spent fifteen years of her life in comparative happiness; the death of this worthy woman, threw her once

more upon the world; she obtained various situations, in most of which she experienced this malediction,

“ Were I to curse the man I hate

“ Attendance and Dependance be his fate.”

“ I believe I have omitted to inform you, that her early misfortunes gave her mind a religious turn; from the scriptures she derived consolation and strength; they comforted her with the assurance, that the good man is never forsaken, they taught her that the world is a state of trial, which fits us for endless misery or hap-

piness ; to attain the latter it was necessary to subdue the passions, and to submit with resignation to the will of Providence, however hard the dispensation might prove ; these principles took root in her mind in early life, “ they grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength.” The last situation she gained, was as companion to an elderly Lady, who had sense enough to know her worth ; she remained with her till her death, and lamented it sincerely ; this lady had many relatives, yet she left, as a testimony of her regard to Mrs. Herbert, five hundred pounds, and her valuable ward-

robe. At this time my friend was on the verge of fifty, she sighed for quietude and retirement after a life spent in a struggle with her feelings; chance brought her to this place about four years ago, a circumstance which has added very materially to my enjoyments. What I would wish you to learn, my dear Josephine, from this history is, that religion will support us under all trials, in this life; without it, we should be wretches in the hour of adversity; for in that hour, Man most commonly forsakes us; but if we have God for our friend, who, unlike our fellow creatures, is always nearest if we supplicate him

in the time of our distress,—what have we to fear?” This tale of misfortune interested our feelings, and we went to visit Mrs. Herbert that evening with a sentiment which is not easily described. We were received by a genteel and pleasing looking woman, who, though in the vale of years, retained something of beauty ; her figure represented a fine ruin ; graceful in decay ; but what pleased our little girl most was her chearfulness, she was lively almost to playfulness. She was particular in her attentions to Josephine, and amused her with various curiosities. “ You will, I am sure, assist me,” said Mrs. Edg-

worth, "in rendering service to this my young pupil:" "Most undoubtedly," replied Mrs. Herbert, "I love young people; and where there is a willing mind, nothing is more delightful than sowing the seeds of instruction."

"Dear madam," said Josephine on our return home, "what a sweet woman Mrs. Herbert is. After you had told us so much about her troubles, I expected to find her very grave and low spirited." "You recollect," replied Mrs. Edgworth, "I informed you she was a Christian."

'Tis *this*, my dear, that streaks our morning
bright,

'Tis *this* that gilds the horror of our night ;
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are
few ;

When friends are faithless, or when foes pur-
sue,

Tis *this*, that wards the blow, or stills the
smart ;

Disarms affliction, or repels its dart ;

Within the breast, bids purest raptures rise,

Whilst smiling conscience spreads her cloudless
skies.'

CHAPTER V.

To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks.

A REGULAR plan was now adopted for the disposal of the morning; - early rising was required, as salutary for the health, and necessary for the improvement of time; after breakfast, two hours were regularly dedicated to music, drawing, works of taste or usefulness, and reading filled up the remainder; the afternoon was less regular, it was spent as circumstances

varied. With precept and example blended, it might reasonably be expected that Josephine would make considerable improvement,—in truth she did. She attended to the different branches of science and taste, in which she was instructed, with assiduity, and attained to a proficiency in them all ; but though these outward adornments were necessary, yet they were but secondary considerations ; it was the regulation of her heart, the government of her temper, and the improvement of her mind, which Mrs. Edgworth laboured to effect. Reading made up a considerable part of our daily amusement, to give Jose-

sephine a taste for it, (for hitherto Josephine had never looked into a book, except a novel, the favourite study of her mother) such authors were selected, as convey instruction under the most pleasing form, and delight and improve at the same time. The Spectator, and its various imitators, stood foremost in this class, as peculiarly calculated to gain the attention of youth; the fund of example, and stories, which are brought forward in them, stores their minds with new ideas, and leads them to a habit of reflecting on what passes before them in life.

It was in one of those cold and chilly evenings, which we have sometimes in May, that we had drawn round a blazing and cheerful hearth : Josephine was the reader, and had protracted the mental feast to an unusual length ; “ Lay down the book, my dear,” said Mrs. Edgworth, “ let us not overdo any thing ;” “ I receive so much pleasure from it,” she replied, “ that I know not how to quit it.” “ It gives me inuch satisfaction to find,” said Mrs. Herbert, “ that our little girl loves reading, the advantages she will derive from it, if her judgment and taste are properly directed to a right choice of books, will be incalcula-

ble ; it will furnish her with ideas to reflect upon when alone, and to converse upon when in company ; it will enrich her mind, and render her a companion for people of sense and knowledge, from whom she may gain great improvement."

I know no mode of instructing youth, that is equal to the conversation of people of enlightened minds ; but young folks cannot hope to enjoy this, unless they qualify themselves for such society, by at least a moderate share of reading." "In your choice of books," said Mrs. Edgworth, "for the culture and improvement of youth, do you admit of their reading tales of fic-

tion?" "With limitations, I do," replied Mrs. Herbert, "there are works of this kind, in which excellent morality is joined with lively pictures of the human mind, which cannot fail to interest the heart, and may improve it; we have had, and still have, novel writers who deserve our applause; their works are amiable and elegant portraits of life and manners, not perhaps strictly perfect in resemblance, but sketched and tinged with the delicate hue of refined sentiment; I apprehend no danger from putting such books into the hands of young people; but to the general mass of novels, I am decidedly averse, being

persuaded the indiscriminate reading of such books, has been the bane of thousands of young women."

"I will own," said Mrs. Edgworth, "I am an enemy to them, and in so great a degree, that I almost wish to exclude the whole, were it possible, in my system of education; most of them tend to excite the passions of youth, whilst the chief end of instruction is to moderate and restrain them; they give you very false views of life; extraordinary adventures, which can never be realized, make up the essence of the majority, if not the whole of this class of writings. I cannot therefore agree with you,

that improvement is to be derived from them ; the imagination may be amused, I will allow ; we are hurried away with the brilliant genius, and inventive faculties of a Radcliffe ; she extorts our admiration ; but her works convey no instruction to young people ; they contain no lessons that can be reduced to practice in real life ; it is another world her personages inhabit ; a Shakespearian world, the offspring of her own great and creative genius, but totally useless, I must again repeat, in point of example."

" Well," said Mrs. Herbert, " I will not contend this point with you ; much might be said on both sides,

I still think there are books of fiction, which may be put with safety into young people's hands; nay even with advantage: but it requires both judgment and caution in selection; on this occasion I should wish to be purveyor to Josephine; the few elegant works of this kind, which I should allow her to peruse, would not give her a taste for novels in general, but the contrary effect would be produced; she would turn with disgust from the unmeaning trash which constitutes their general character."

I was sorry when I found Mrs. Edgworth made no reply, for I have an unconquerable antipathy to every work that bears the name of A Novel; wherever I meet with them, I feel a wish to commit them to the flames, indiscriminately, without distinction, from a belief that no good, but much evil, has arisen from even the best of them to the young and rising generation.

This also, perhaps, is one of my peculiarities.

CHAPTER VI.

“ In manners vain,
“ In conversation frivolous, in dress
“ Extreme ;”

COWPER.

THE time now approached for Josephine's visit to D—. The love of novelty, so natural to youth, and the favourable impression she retained of Mrs. Vane, made her, though she felt so happy at home, desirous of the excursion ; the day at length arrived, and we accompanied her there. We were received

with politeness by Mrs. Vane ; her face was decked in smiles, and her table furnished with every delicacy in season ; taste and neatness were conspicuous in her house: I thought, however, I felt too much of study throughout the whole. We left Josephine in high spirits, yet in defiance of the pleasure she anticipated, a tear strayed down her cheek, when she bade us adieu. At the time appointed, Mrs. Edgworth sent her maid for my niece : “ I hope she will not find the country dull,” said I, “ after the pleasure and dissipation she has been engaged in this week ;” “ We shall see,” replied Mrs. Edgworth, “ I estimate her

character wrong if she does not return to us with joy :” and in truth she did. We had walked out to meet her, she approached us with alacrity; “How rejoiced am I to return,” said she. “Oh ! I shall never again be taken in by a smiling face, and very soft voice ; I shall always fear there is something wrong beneath them :” “Does it follow,” said my friend, “because you have been mistaken in the opinion you formed of Mrs. Vane, that there is any thing condemnable in smiles, and sweetness of speech, they are graceful, when they originate from correspondent dispositions in the mind ; but come, let us make haste

home, you will there find Mrs. Herbert, and shall amuse us with recounting the adventures of the week.

We returned—the tea was announced, and Josephine resumed her office at the table; “I declare,” said she, “I have tasted nothing so delightful, since I left this dear cottage, as these rolls, and this rich delicious cream.” “Well,” said Mrs. Herbert, “let us hear what kind of an historian you are, let us have the little girl’s recital of the incidents of a week, which I shrewdly suspect has not passed quite so pleasantly as you expected; otherwise you would not return with such joy

to the country and three old women;" " Ah!" said Josephine, " did I think you serious, how distress I should be; is there any company I would not quit with pleasure, to fly to my best friends here." " Well, the story, the story," said I, " and pray give it in the stile I like,—methodically." " You left me," said she, smiling, " at D—, on Monday evening; the next morning we made some calls, and I thought every person very agreeable: we were invited to a great many places; Mrs. Vane bought me a very pretty fan, and was very kind to me; in the evening we had company. The next

morning Miss Vane let the tea-pot fall at breakfast, and broke it; and her mamma was very angry indeed; and spoke and looked so cross, that I could hardly think it was the same person: a gentleman came in, and I wondered to see her smile again immediately, as if nothing had happened to disturb her. We walked out with some young ladies; it was a few minutes after the dinner hour when we returned; she was again very angry, and scolded the footman also for some fault he committed. I began to feel a little afraid of her. In the evening there was a large card party; and she looked so

beautiful, and smiling, and good tempered, that I began to love her again. On Thursday we went to see a grand review, and were quite delighted with it. In the evening Miss Vane and I went to a dance and supper; the man came for us whilst we were enjoying ourselves very much; and the lady of the house said she was sure Mrs. Vane would not be displeased if we kept him half an hour: I shall never forget her look, when we returned home; I thought she would have beat Miss Vane, who ran up stairs to avoid her rage. I begged her pardon, but she would admit of no excuse; and I

was glad to get up stairs to bed, where poor Miss Vane cried herself to sleep. The next morning her mamma would not speak to her, and was very distant with me; and I began to feel very uncomfortable, and longed to be with my really good tempered friends again. Some officers called, and entreated her to go to the play that evening: she grew quite in humour again with me, but not with her daughter, whom she mortified by leaving her at home; I would gladly have staid with her, for indeed I had no enjoyment of the play, as I could not forget that she was doing penance for a fault,

which I had equally committed with herself. She told me so many stories of her mamma's unkindness, after we were in bed, that I felt I should never love her again; and she cried herself as before to sleep. All Saturday morning Mrs. Vane was particularly pleasant; she said she was very sorry I was going, but I did not believe her; and I was never better pleased than when Mary came for me in the afternoon."

"It is certain, Josephine, you are no physiognomist," said Mrs. Edgworth; "this will be a lesson to you, not to judge so decidedly, or

to be so obstinate in opinion, till you have some safer ground to rest upon, than mere appearance, which is most commonly deceitful. It is, however, natural for youth so to judge; I did it myself at that age, and shall never forget, in one circumstance, how dearly I gained experience. I had not in that early part of my life wise instructors, consequently I fell into many errors, which you may avoid; as you may enjoy, if it is not your own fault, the benefit of our experience. Perhaps," continued she, "some improvement may be gleaned from this visit; you see how unamiable Mrs. Vane appeared on

a nearer view; vanity and selfishness are the most striking traits in her character; the first makes her so desirous of admiration, that she puts on in company every winning art to gain it; these appearances are laid aside in her domestic circle; there her love of self predominates; every thing is to give way at home to her arbitrary commands; she respects no one's feelings, whilst every one must study her's. Can any thing be more unwise and degrading than such conduct? I pity her! for though she makes every one around her unhappy, she is still more so herself. She knows nothing of that sun-

shine of the mind, which results from a proper subjection of the passions, and a consciousness of having discharged our several duties in life to the best of our abilities. She knows she is deficient in these points, and feels she is not beloved by those who are nearest to her; even now, can the admiration of the world supply the absence of their regard? in a few years she will be admired no longer; how then will she console herself? Avoid these faults, dear Josephine, as you value your peace and happiness; the vain character we despise, the selfish we detest."

CHAPTER VII.

“ Let that day be blest
“ With holiness and consecrated rest,
“ Nobly distinguished above all the six,
“ By deeds in which the world must never mix.”

COWPER.

IT was Sunday, and our pastor gave us an excellent discourse. Josephine was no longer thoughtless and inattentive; the example and admonitions of Mrs. Edgworth had produced their due effect; the clergyman, as usual, dined with us, his personal defects were forgotten, whilst his good sense, and amiable

manners, were revered and respected.

She listened to him with attention; and if at table there was any thing he particularly liked, she was assiduous in helping him to it: she insensibly grew a favorite with him; he assisted in forming her mind to virtue, and above all, to remember her Creator in the days of her youth.

The night proved so stormy, that he was induced to take a bed with us; we insensibly fell into a discourse on the observance of the sabbath; we lamented that

it was more generally dedicated to pleasure than to piety. "A person," said Mrs. Herbert, "who has been in such various situations, and seen so much of life as myself, must have had frèquent occasion to remark, that it is quite a bore, to use a modern phrase, to the fashionable world. In one of the places which I procured, where I remained but two months, and perhaps they were the most uncomfortable of my life, I had the tuition of a young lady, the only daughter of a woman of rank, who, without exception, was of the most unhappy temper, and under the dominion of the most ungo-

vernable passions that ever I beheld. Soon after I engaged with them, they went into the country; and I shall never forget her look, when she came into my pupil's room, on the first Sunday after our arrival; 'Good heavens!' exclaimed she, as she threw herself into a chair, 'what shall we do with ourselves this cursed day.' I was petrified! my blood chilled with horror! and I made a resolution to leave the place with all expedition. I soon after procured another, with a lady of a very opposite character; naturally amiable, good tempered, but thoughtless; and hurried away with the stream of fashion,

too frequently against her better judgment, which was not so absolutely blindfolded, as to support the retrospection of her past life, without some sentiments of self-accusation. She had fallen latterly into the practice of giving cards on the Sunday evening: emboldened by her kindness, and the freedom she allowed me, I asked her one day if she did not think it sinful. ‘Why, I don’t know, Herbert,’ she replied, ‘I don’t like to think much about it; what can one do? if one lives in the world, one must do as the world does.’ One evening when my lady had a select party of friends, Dr. M— was announced,

as they were beginning to assemble ; the character of this dignitary, which stands so deservedly high, from his life, his writings, and his strenuous endeavours to punish and suppress vice, awed them at first into almost silence. His easy and unaffected manner, joined to the agreeable and improving conversation he introduced, soon, however, had its effect, and the evening appeared short when he arose to take his leave. Approaching my lady, ‘I am happy,’ said he, ‘in spending these few hours with you: and more so in finding you have been traduced: I was told that you regularly profaned the Sabbath by

introducing cards; I have passed a Sunday evening with you; I can contradict the assertion, and I hope you will give me no cause in future to repent standing forward as your defender.' Reproof conveyed in so singular a manner had the happiest effect; my lady, at least on that night, refrained from cards, as did several of her friends who were of this party. It is impossible for me to relate how very corrupt the morals of the servants are in these dissipated families; if one day was distinguished above another by idleness and vice, I observed it was the Sunday. How necessary is example amongst the

great—if the fountain is impure, the stream must be sullied.” “It is a melancholy recital,” said our pastor, “and what is the upshot—are they happy? no! the veriest wretch that is chained to the oar groans not under greater misery, or is more completely a slave than they are to vice. Remember, Josephine, that to fear God, and obey his laws, will make us happy here, and everlastingly so hereafter.”

My niece not only listened with attention to these conversations, but her conduct and character were influenced by them; she had become the substitute of Mrs. Edg-

worth in dispensing her bounty to the poor and unfortunate; she sought out the haunts of misery, and relieved them with a deportment so soft and feeling, that they viewed her as a being of superior order. The discharge of her duties produced the sweetest satisfaction in her mind; no longer restless, capricious, and dissatisfied, she became peaceful, serene, and happy; we mutually rejoiced at her improvement, and every day she gained more interest in our hearts.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Well ordered Home.”

THOMSON.

“ I HAVE been thinking,” said Mrs. Edgworth, “ it would be right, Josephine, if you began to pay some attention to the decoration of the table. It is a matter of importance in domestic life, to blend economy with a good appearance, a circumstance which too many of the young women of the present day are unacquainted with; and indeed it is not to be wondered at, when the fashionable mode of

education is considered, which is generally directed to showy and exterior accomplishments. But it certainly does conduce very much to domestic felicity, to know how to make a genteel and respectable appearance with the least expence: a man of sense feels gratified when he finds those requisites in a wife, and she gains his confidence and applause as she regulates her house with propriety and economy. My mother had fine talents; she had also useful ones; I have heard my father often launch out in her praise, but he generally finished with saying she was the best manager in the county. No

table, he said, was set off with the elegance, neatness, and abundance of his own; and yet he verily believed it cost him one half less in housekeeping than it did his neighbours; the credit of which he declared belonged to his wife; such praise is grateful from a husband. At some future time we shall hope to see you a happy wife; to manage your family affairs with address is no unimportant task; the lesser duties, as well as the greater, all verge to the same point — the security of domestic bliss.

“After what I have said, you may

suppose I am desirous you should practice what I recommend; I would wish you, therefore, to spend an hour with Mary every morning when she is preparing for our dinner any thing nicer than common; you know she has her own store-room detached from the kitchen, and that I view her as an humble friend more than a servant; thirty years attachment and fidelity I have experienced from her, and part of that under some very unhappy circumstances. I have no doubt but you have observed, that my pastry, my creams, my jellies, &c. are all of superior excellence. It is to Mary I owe

this extreme delicacy of my table, and at an expence so moderate, from her excellent management, that it would hardly be credited by some, were I to mention it. In this line, therefore, look to Mary as your instructress." Josephine lost no time in benefiting by this advice; the housekeeper's room was daily visited, and she soon convinced us she was industrious to excel in whatever she undertook.

CHAPTER IX.

“Nor, till invoked

“Can restless goodness wait; their active
search

“Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored;

“Like silent working heaven, surprising oft

“The lonely heart with unexpected good.”

THOMSON.

“TO-MORROW,” said Mrs. Edgworth, “I will introduce you to a family I have a high respect for; they have a house about four miles from hence, where they reside during the summer months: I find they are arrived, and I

should wish to take the earliest opportunity of calling upon them. They are quakers!" "Quakers," I exclaimed, "I have always had a strange idea of these people." "So have I too," said Josephine, "I remember when we lived at Bath, my mamma and a large party going to a meeting to laugh at the broad brims as they called them." "It is possible," said my friend, "your ridicule might be ill-directed; I am sure it was ill-timed. I have had an opportunity of much intercourse with that society, and have invariably found them people of great integrity and amiable manners; to-morrow I will

introduce you to those friends, and leave you to your own conclusions respecting them." The next morning a post-chaise was sent for to D——, but none could be procured ; a circumstance which the little girl inwardly repined at, as her curiosity was awakened, in regard to these quakers, of whom she had formed a strange idea ; and why should I be backward in confessing I was in the same predicament. We had not long lamented our disappointment, when a neat chariot drove to the door. " Ah ! here are my good neighbours," said Mrs. Edgworth, " the sincerity of their own hearts sets

them above the little forms of ceremony and etiquette." By this time the door opened, and a most pleasing looking woman entered, followed by two younger ones, dressed in the garb of their sect.

"Well, friend Edgworth," said she, "thou seest I have not stood upon thy calling first; I was desirous of seeing thee, and have taken the first opportunity that offered." "I am very glad to see you," returned my friend, "and I assure you it was my intention to call upon you this morning, but we have been disappointed in a carriage from D——; and how is

Mr. Thornton, and why have I not the pleasure of seeing him with you?" "He is very well," she replied, "and desired his love to thee, and had intended accompanying us, but was prevented by some friends coming in." During this conversation I had time to examine this family; and must have been prejudiced, indeed, not to have been pleased with them; every thing that was amiable spoke in the features of the mother, she appeared about forty,—good sense and sweetness of disposition were discernable in her face; her manners were easy and graceful, in defiance of the formality of her

language ; a thing I had deemed impossible, for I had always connected with the idea of a quaker, every thing starched, precise, and formal.

During this time, the young people had made no advances towards conversation ; —“ My dear,” said Mrs. Edgworth, “ will you take Miss Thorntons into the garden, perhaps they might like to eat some fruit this morning.” On their return, which was not till the carriage drove to the door, it appeared they had made the best use of their time as sociable creatures.

“ Well then,” said Mrs. Thornton, as she stepped into her chariot, “ I shall expect to see thee on the fifth day, with thy friends,” “ I know nothing at present to the contrary,” replied Mrs. Edgworth.

“ She is a very pleasant woman,” said I, “ as she drove from the door ;” “ She is more than a pleasant woman” returned my friend ; “ she is a good and excellent character, I know no duty of life, that she does not discharge with propriety. She was, I am told, a dutiful and obedient child ; I know her to be a good wife and mother, a sincere friend, a mild mistress, and to the

poor, in the most extensive sense of the word, a benefactress. Joy enters the heart of the wretched for miles around them, when they hear of their arrival; all that apply to them, and are deserving, experience their bounty; they do not even rest satisfied with this, they sedulously seek out the recesses of misery. Mrs. Thornton has founded a school in the neighbourhood, which she superintends herself; she knits, along with her daughters, jackets and stockings for the aged, and they make various articles for the infant poor, and all this is done in a manner so quiet and unassuming, as marks

the origin from whence this bounty flows. I have known her long, and intimately, and yet never saw the serenity of her mind disturbed ; but whence is it? she is a Christian, and in that word I sum up all." " The young ladies I like very much," said Josephine, " they invited me to come and see them, and seem very good-natured ; I don't think I shall mind their saying ' thee ' and ' thou ' though it seems a little odd at first."

CHAPTER X.

“ Learn ye, while young, the rudiments of
joy,

“ The virtues that eternity employ :”

FORDYCE.

FIFTH day, (or Thursday) arrived, and we set forward for the mansion of Mr. Thornton ; we were received with openness and kindness ; after crossing their threshold, you felt at home—how rare that feeling !—every thing within, and around, bespoke fortune, but fortune connected with simplicity, and com-

fort. Mr. Thornton seemed a sensible, well-informed man, and I thought I had never seen domestic felicity in so high a state of perfection before. The younger Thorntons received Josephine as if they had known her for years; she experienced the same sentiment in return; and in truth I know not when I had spent such a day. From whence originated this feeling, so seldom experienced in the intercourse of life? Sincerity! to thee we should raise votive altars—to thy benign influence we owe these comforts.

The next day Mrs. Herbert spent

with us, and the amiable quakers afforded us a subject of conversation; their language, their dress, their extreme neatness and simplicity of manners, and, above all, their sincerity, which my friend observed was a striking trait in their character, gave rise to remark and approbation. "How do they educate their females?" said Mrs. Herbert, "for I find there are few seminaries, for that purpose, in that society." "Their method is very simple," returned Mrs. Edgworth, "it consists chiefly in example; they have most frequently a young person in the house, of their own society, as governess,

who assists the mother in teaching them every useful accomplishment ; it is under the inspecting eye of the mother that all is learnt, and example perfects the whole. Mrs. Thornton thus expressed herself to me one day. “ My desire is,” said she, “ to see my dear girls, unaffected, good young women ; as for elegance, that is no object with me ; I should be sorry to see them awkward ; but void of affectation is the great point ; easy natural characters is what I aim to make them. But the most essential part, is to have their minds impressed with ideas of benevolence and good nature, to delight in administering to the

wants of others, dutiful and affectionate to their parents, kind and complaisant to their brothers and sisters ; and, above all, to have their hearts filled with the love of God, and the necessity of taking him for their guide in early youth. In all these respects we endeavour to teach them more by example than precept.” “ She is right,” said Mrs. Herbert, “ and it is a melancholy consideration, that so few mothers discharge their obligation in regard to education, in this respect ; whatever instruction they may give their children, it is but too often rendered abortive, by their own improper example.—

What weight can advice have upon youth, when the practice of the adviser is in direct opposition to it? will formal lessons avail when daily example contradicts them? and can there be a greater absurdity than to exhort others to do as we say, but not as we act? They who do not act up to what they say, never speak to any purpose, for the language of the heart is wanting, which is alone persuasive. To be really beneficial to young people, we must be as exemplary in our conduct, as we are wise in our instruction; we may then, with the blessing of God on our labors, hope to reap the harvest of

what we have sown, the affecting pleasure of contemplating an amiable and excellent character, which we have helped to form; adorned with all those virtues and graces, which make us useful and dear to others, happy and serene in ourselves; and ultimately prepare us for a state of endless felicity;—may our dear Josephine exemplify this picture!”

CHAPTER XI.

“ Unskilful he, to fawn or seek for power,
“ By doctrines fashioned, to the varying hour;
“ Far other aims his heart had learned to
prize,
“ More bent to raise the wretched, than to
rise.”

GOLDSMITH.

“ WHAT a packet from the post-office !” said Josephine, as she brought in our letters one morning. Mrs. Edgworth hastily ran over their superscriptions, and gave the preference to one with apparent pleasure.

“ Well,” said she, “ I am glad to find my good neighbours, whom I have so often spoken of to you, are returned into my vicinity again ; they have been, these last two months, on a visit to an aged relation, whose dissolution they daily expected ; but, contrary to appearances, he is now slowly recovering ; and they are returned to make happy their parishioners, who mourned their absence, for they are, under providence, dispensers of both spiritual and temporal good to them. I have many friends,” continued she, “ whom I love and respect, but they complete the climax. We will visit them, and

this morning I will endeavour to give you some knowledge of them."

Mr. Mordaunt was the son of a respectable family, but of small fortune, which had been reduced, rather than increased, by an improvident father. He displayed early in life a taste for books, and a decided preference for the church. A neighbouring clergyman, fostered this inclination, and took pleasure in storing his mind with useful knowledge; but his father's diminished fortune seemed to raise an insuperable bar to the completion of his wishes, as it was im-

possible he could afford him the means of an university education. At this juncture, a stranger took lodgings in the village; there was something eccentric, but amiable, in his appearance; he shunned society, and was seldom seen but at church, which he regularly attended; walking seemed one of his favourite amusements; he chose the most unfrequented paths, and appeared to court solitude in her most retired retreats.

“The pensive and thoughtful mind of young Mordaunt often led him to the same haunts; by degrees he attracted the attention of the

stranger; accident brought them one day to the same spot; they entered into conversation, and from that time became friends.

“The benevolent stranger soon knew the desires of the young man’s heart, and as speedily gratified them. “I have the power to assist you,” said he; “go to the university; I will defray the expence. Do not thank me,” continued he, as he saw the tear tremble in his eye, and the language of gratitude ready to burst from his lips, “I am the person obliged; my heart has long been cold and insensible, dead to every

feeling but that of sorrow; and I had determined, with the patriarch, to go down to the grave mourning. You have given rise to the first sentiment of pleasure it has known for years; in contributing to your happiness I taste somewhat of the joy of former times."

"During the period of his stay at Oxford, he spent his vacations at his native village; his gratitude, respect, and love, increased for his benefactor, who, in an hour of confidence, poured into his sympathizing bosom a tale of many woes.

“In every fairy scene of future life, which the illusive pencil of hope sketched on the mind of Mordaunt, his friend was a foreground figure. How often, when communing with himself, did he indulge the flattering idea, that he should sweeten and serene the evening of his life, by the most unremitting and delicate attentions. But it was decreed otherwise.— On the eve of his bidding adieu to the university, he received the melancholy tidings of his sudden death. Hope dropped her pencil, and fled for a season,—for he truly mourned.

“From his early days he had been attached to an amiable young woman, the daughter of a neighbour; the connection was agreeable to both parties; the marriage therefore took place sometime after his return home; and an uncle of Mrs. Mordaunt, who had risen by merit to high dignity in the church, presented him with a living of two hundred a year, and a promise of future promotion when he had something more in his gift.

“Thus provided for, he hastened to his present residence, and entered upon the duties of his office, with a heart impressed with their

importance, and a sincere desire to discharge them in such a manner as would make them beneficial to his own and his parishioners' eternal interests.

“If ever a village pastor met with suitable returns for the good he administered, both to the souls and bodies of his flock, it was Mr. Mordaunt; they esteemed, they loved, they venerated him, and he was deserving of it all. He was not only their spiritual father, but he was their adviser, their friend, their physician. Did any rupture arise in his parish, he was the mediator and reconciler—

“ speaking the words of peace ;” any private distress which came within the reach of his means, he relieved it ; any bodily illness, with his skill, which was not trifling, he blended the assistance of Mrs. Mordaunt, who had a closet stored with medicines and cordials.

“ Thus he passed the first three years of his residence at R——, in which time he became the father of two females ; his wife had been but a few days confined with the last, when they received the intelligence of the death of her uncle ; it was a thunderbolt to Mrs. Mordaunt, who saw all their

future hopes destroyed by it; but our good pastor reconciled her to the disappointment: "it is the will of God, Mary," said he, "and we must submit." Nevertheless, it introduced into his breast anxieties to which he had been a stranger. They had lived up to their income in the hope of future expectancies; these had ceased to exist;—he had a wife, and children; should it please providence to take him from them, where was their support? Some retrenchment, therefore, must be made, out of their small income, to prepare, in case that evil day should arrive. He could not bear the thoughts of limiting his

kindness to the wretched; in his own house, then, the sacrifice must be made to necessity.

“After making up his mind upon the subject, he spoke to his wife; “Mary,” said he, “I am grieved to take from thee any of the little comforts thou hast had; I would rather add to them a thousand-fold; but thou knowest the alteration of our views obliges me to speak thus: canst thou bear to part with one of thy maids, and submit to some other inferior deprivations? It is my wish, that fifty pounds a year should accumulate for the benefit of thyself and chil-

dren out of our annual income; we must therefore endeavour to live within the limits of the remainder, and yet extend as usual our charity to the afflicted."

"A slight feeling of regret entered the bosom of Mrs. Mordaunt, but it was gone in a moment, and left no trace behind; she entered into her husband's views with alacrity; their hopes were vanished, and some of their appendages cut off; but their happiness remained undiminished.

"Twenty-five years of their life has passed over in this peaceful, this

enviable state, in that time, he has added to his other duties, the education of his daughters; and has the satisfaction of knowing that they will not, with their mother, be left destitute at his decease.

“This history I had from himself. I have known him many years, the closer intimacy I have with him, the more I see to admire in him. How frequently! when I have listened to his doctrine, in his village church, and observed his attentive and devout auditory, receiving the words of instruction from his mouth: how frequently! under such circum-

stances, as appropriate to my friend, have those beautiful lines occurred to my remembrance, and in the words of the poet I could have exclaimed,

“ Oh ! fearless thou, who well sustains the
fight

“ To paths of joy, and tracks of endless light ;

“ Lead up all those, that heard thee and believ'd,

• Midst thy own flock, great shepherd be receiv'd,

“ And glad all heaven with numbers thou hast saved.”

Mrs. Edgworth ceased, and we were both silent ; she looked up, and saw the tear in Josephine's eye ; the soft smile of mingled love

and approbation stole over her countenance. I arose and retired to my room, where I gave way to a train of reflections on the beauty of piety and virtue.

CHAPTER XII.

- “ I care not *Fortune*, what thou do'st deny,
“ Thou cannot rob me of free nature's
 grace,
“ Thou cannot shut the windows of the sky,
“ Through which Aurora shews her bright-
 'ning face ;
“ Thou cannot bar my constant feet to trace
“ The woods and lawns by living streams.
“ Let health, my nerves, and finer fibres
 brace,
“ And I their joys to the great children leave,
“ Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, nought can me
 bereave.”

THOMSON.

THE morning at length arrived,
which was to convey us to the

circle of the village Pastor; my friend had procured a coach from D—, as Mrs. Herbert was to accompany us, and we sat forward, after an early breakfast, as we had a ride of ten miles, and the desire of making a long day with them. It was a lovely morning in August, and the road was through a finely diversified country; hills, covered with innumerable flocks of sheep, which were browsing on the wild thyme that scented the gale; valleys, highly cultivated, laden with a rich harvest, to repay the industry of the farmer, whose thickly scattered hamlets, embosomed in

orchards, glowing with ripening fruit, completed the beauty of this rural scenery.

“ You have not told me,” said I, as we drew near the end of our journey, “ what kind of young women the Mordaunts are ;” “ They are truly amiable,” replied Mrs. Herbert ; “ to cultivated minds, they join the most simple manners ; so far there is a resemblance, but in most points their characters vary ; Ellen has spirits, activity, and an excellent heart, she superintends their domestic arrangements, and is an œconomist on right principles ; she

is the nurse in sickness ; the consoling and tender friend in trouble ; the lively and animated companion in health ; her virtues are all of the active kind ; to gain her assistance, it is sufficient that you want it ; in prosperity or adversity her powers would be alike drawn forth ; her desire of being useful, would grace and adorn the former, while her strength of mind would enable her to dignify and support the latter. Elizabeth, with the same goodness of heart and disposition as her sister, has a refinement of mind, which ill qualifies her to struggle with the misfortunes of life ; neither would its bustles and gaiety afford her

enjoyment; perhaps this has been heightened, through an affliction which she sustained about two years ago, by the sudden death of a young clergyman, to whom she was on the point of being united; this event has thrown a pensive delicacy over her manner, which, to an observer, is highly touching. She is fond of reading, and the amusements of the country; she cultivates in their garden the most beautiful flowers; she trains the woodbine and jessamine luxuriantly to entwine and encircle their casements, whilst their sweets scent and perfume their rooms; in all these simple acts, you discern the

hand of taste, which adorns, without expence, their rural mansion. To give my opinion of the two sisters," continued she, "I should say, one was the more valuable, the other the more interesting character."

Whilst she spoke, we stopped at the green wicket which opened to the parsonage, and the whole family were out to receive us. "Most welcome!" said Mr. Mordaunt, as he handed us out of the coach, with a face on which was pictured all the kind and benevolent feelings; and we felt the welcome! for who that ever entered his hos-

pitiable doors remembered they were strangers. After taking some refreshment, whilst Mrs. Mordaunt and Ellen were busy in preparation for dinner, Elizabeth, with her father, invited us to walk over their little domain: "Come," said he to Josephine, "take my arm, I am a physiognomist, and foretell that you and I are to love each other." Imagination cannot paint a situation more delightful than this simple cottage commanded; it stood upon the summit of an hill, at the foot of which rose the village spire, encircled by the white-washed houses of its inhabitants: close by the village flowed a deep and ma-

jestic river, the banks of which were dignified by a noble building, the seat of the Aubrey family. It stood exactly in front of the parsonage, on an eminence of equal height, separated by the river; it displayed, by its lofty turrets, and gothic structure, a building of times which were long gone by. Wood, water, temples and ruins, met the eye in every direction, whilst distant views of an open country, bounded by mountains, whose heads reached the clouds, terminated the grandeur of the scene before us. As we wound round a copse, to enter the garden, "there is some alteration here," said Mrs. Edg-

worth : “ yes,” replied Mr. Mor-daunt, smiling, “ Elizabeth presides over our works of taste, to her we are indebted for all our simple embellishments ; you recollect the small stream, which gushed out near where we now stand, its water was so pure, that my parishioners drew all their supplies from it ; my daughter has planted around it, and by making the trees meet overhead, has formed a complete grotto, a cooling retreat from the noon-day sun. We entered, and found it covered with moss, a few stumps of trees, rudely shapen, served for seats, and over the mouth of

the spring was placed this inscription:

“ Gentle reader see in me,
“ An emblem of true charity,
“ For whilst my bounty I bestow,
“ I’m neither seen or heard to flow;
“ And I have fresh supplies from heaven,
“ For every cup of water given.”

Whilst thus gratified, we had trespassed upon the dinner hour; we hastened back, but still found the work of preparation going forward; “ my dear Sir,” said Mrs. Edgworth, “ I am afraid Mrs. Mor-daunt is making this a day of labour, which we could have wished had been one of social comfort to

her ;” “ I have my fears on that head,” returned he, “ the kindness of her heart leads her sometimes astray.” Whilst speaking, the dinner entered, and we drew round the plenteous board ; and the kindness of our entertainment was seasoned by agreeable conversation ; when just as the dinner was removed, and the wine was placing upon the table, an aukward lad, who had waited upon us, and kept me in jeopardy for my cloaths, struck a bottle of port wine against the back of his mistress’s chair, and broke it ; he stopt not to remedy the evil, but fled with precipitation ; whilst the young people has-

tened to render Mrs. Mordaunt assistance. "Ah!" said the good clergyman, with pleasantry, "we have no longer a bottle of port wine for our friends." With the help of a neat fresh-coloured girl, who entered with towels, the misfortune was in a degree remedied; when Mrs. Mordaunt, looking at her husband; "My dear," said she, "I am self-condemned, and as a punishment, which I voluntarily inflict upon myself, I will expose my folly to my friends, by telling them, a silly pride made me wish to-day, as we had strangers, to make an appearance which we were not qualified to support; had I been

content with my rustic Betty, this had not happened." "Ah! but" repeated he, "we have no longer a bottle of port for our friends."—"I understand you," said she, smiling, it is the only one we ever had in the house; you thought it unnecessary and out of character; this also was my folly." "Well," said he, "you deserve absolution for this confession; self-correction is a noble thing, and only great minds are capable of it; let us forget what is past, and renew the comforts of our circle; your home-made wines, my love, in which you so much excel, may gratify the most delicate palate." "True,"

said Mrs. Herbert, " have I not drank at your table champagne and burgundy?" " Ah!" replied he, " what have we to do with humble port?"

" Josephine would like to visit Aubrey Castle, this afternoon," said Elizabeth. " Suppose we all go," said I, " it would give me pleasure to see it." A ready assent was given; we hastened to the river, where a boat was kept ready for the convenience of passengers; on gaining the opposite side, we ascended a road cut through the wood, which brought us out upon a noble terrace, that commanded a prospect,

beautiful in the extreme, and extensive as the eye could reach; this led to the front entrance of the castle, where we were met by a genteel looking young man, who had seen our approach; he expressed the most lively satisfaction at this visit, and introduced us into a spacious room, where we were received by a lady of graceful manners, but a countenance shaded by melancholy.

I had heard that the possessors of this ancient seat had not resided at it for some time; extravagance had rendered them incapable of keeping it up in its

original splendour; I therefore took the first opportunity of enquiring who these inmates were, and found the lady was distantly related to the family, and having experienced heavy misfortunes, was glad to accept a situation there, as superintendant in their absence; the young man was a Romish priest, their chaplain, of which church they were, and was stationary at the castle till their return; "and though," said Mr. Mordaunt, "our religious principles differ so widely, I have great personal friendship for him; he is a most entertaining and worthy character; he has been educated in France, and though

an Englishman, has the manners and vivacity of that lively nation."

We traversed this beautiful place, accompanied by Mr. Fitzhenry: it combined all that nature and art could effect, to render it delightful, yet it bore evident marks of the neglect of the owner.

On our return by the river side, under the shade of a venerable oak, which seemed coeval with the flood; and whose broad spreading arms afforded us a delicious shelter from the rays of the sun, we found, a rustic table spread with the choicest of fruits, coffee, tea, &c. "We ordered tea at

home," said Mrs. Mordaunt. "Never mind," said her husband, "it is not every day we can have a treat of this kind, and enjoy it under such a canopy. The weather is beautiful, and the moon is at her height, our friends will eat their supper with us, to atone for it." "So will I too," said Fitzhenry, "and give you one of my best songs, as thanks for this indulgence." He took Josephine and Ellen by the hand, and led them to preside at the table; our repast was charming, and rendered still more so, by the good humour and attention of our lively companion. As to Josephine, she felt it one of

the "happiest days of her life. "May we not have a song here?" said Mrs. Herbert. "With all my heart," said Fitzhenry, and immediately gave us an old Scotch song, with great taste; he was entreated for another, and another, and readily complied.—"But is not my favourite a songstress," said Mr. Mor-daunt, "the tones of her voice and that blush betray her." "Yes," said Mrs. Edgworth, "she has some knowledge of music, and has a tolerable voice: oblige us, my dear, with whatever you like:" she immediately sung Nanny, written by Dr. Percy; and gave it with so much expression, that the tones of her really fine voice

penetrated the heart; “Bravo! Bravissimo!” exclaimed our lively chaplain, “why, you little syren, from whence have you stolen such sweet melody.” Our good pastor held out his hand; she sprang forward; kissing her with looks of cordial regard. “Be but as good—as you are lovely,” said he, “and you will be the delight of your friends.”

The shades of the evening were stealing upon us when we reached the parsonage; we partook of a slight repast; soon after, Mr. Mor-daunt said, “We have spent a day of innocent enjoyment together, let us unite in giving thanks to that

Being from whom comes every good and perfect gift."—We knelt, and I hope our hearts, in unison with this good man's, offered, in our evening vespers, acceptable sacrifice to that Power who had protected us through the day. The carriage was at the door; and we parted from this amiable circle, with reciprocal wishes of soon meeting again. The moon shone with unclouded lustre, and threw a soft and silvery radiance around; all nature seemed to repose; my feelings were correspondent to the scene, they were tranquillized by the peculiarly impressive manner with which Mr. Mordaunt per-

formed his evening duty ; and wishing not to banish from my mind impressions so salutary in their effects, I drew up into a corner of the coach, and sunk into reflection ; my companions seemed to have similar feelings, except Josephine, who, finding the disposition of the party, gracefully declined breaking in upon a silence, which continued till we reached our home.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind."

THOMSON.

"WELL, my good girl," said Mrs. Edgworth, as Josephine descended into the breakfast room, the next morning, with the light step of happiness and youth; "you had delicacy of mind, to understand our feelings last night, and did violence to the happiness of your own heart, which wished to dif-

fuse itself, in conversation with your friends ; such a denial was not lost upon us, it spoke forcibly on your behalf." " Indeed," said she, as she sat down to preside at the breakfast table, I spent a most happy day ; it seemed all enchantment to me, for you had told us nothing of seeing such a place as Aubrey Castle. " No, I intended to give you a surprise," she replied, " and you find it had the effect I designed." " Indeed," said my niece, " I could not get to sleep last night, for thinking of the pleasure of the day ; but I don't think any thing delighted me more, on reflection, than the hope of being a

favourite with Mr. Mordaunt, he called me his favourite, you know.”

“He did, my love, and I trust you will deserve it,” said Mrs. Edgworth, “and this morning we will seat ourselves at the working table, and talk over the occurrences of yesterday. I would have you, Josephine,” continued she, as we seated ourselves down to work, “learn a habit of observation, when you are in company, that you may remark what is amiable, or what is condemnable, in the conduct of others, with a view to your own benefit, by imitating the one, and avoiding the other. I was struck yesterday with Mrs.

Mordaunt's conduct; I had always seen her before, easy, natural, and unconstrained; I was surprized, therefore, to see her anxiety, during dinner, and was at a loss to conceive from whence it arose, till it was accounted for, after the accident that silly awkward boy had. You see how uncomfortable, even amiable people may make themselves, and consequently those around them, when they wish, from a foolish vanity, to make a figure beyond what they have the means to do with propriety; our good friend, yesterday, wished to appear a little in stile, before the strangers; and what was the conse-

quence? what must ever be the case under such circumstances, anxiety and confusion. Never, my dear, when you are settled in life, wish to make a display beyond what you can do with ease; it bereaves a mistress of all her grace, and makes her incompetent to feel comfortable herself, or render her company so. But, if I wish you to avoid Mrs. Mordaunt's fault, let me also recommend you to copy her excellencies; did you not admire her correction of herself, without the least attempt at palliation, whilst her good husband smiled at her frank confession, and, I dare say, thought the fault more

than atoned for by it. It is but too frequently the case with many, after they have committed one error, they commit a second, by obstinately adhering to the first, in defiance of common sense and persuasion: human nature is liable to many frailties, they only become criminal when we persist in them; but if we candidly acknowledge them, with an intent to commit them no more, we rise in the estimation of sensible minds, who well know, that self correction is the effort of a noble and generous nature, that is capable of gaining the heights of virtue.

“ It is not likely that your

your young mind would be so affected; but I felt pensive, and I have no doubt but your aunt had a sympathy with me, as we walked through the beautiful woods of Aubrey, neglected and deserted by their owner; who, in habits of dissipation, was wasting that fortune, which, properly applied, might have made him happy at this fine seat, and called down upon him the blessings of the surrounding poor. How dreadful in its consequence is an immoderate love of pleasure! falsely so called; time, health, and fortune are sacrificed in the pursuit of it, and what do its votaries gain—happiness? no! they wear, it is true,

the mask of cheerfulness; but trouble, anxiety, and disorder lurk beneath; they are burthensome to themselves, and to their fellow creatures hazardous, for there is contagion in their society. Let us turn our eyes from this picture of human folly and wretchedness, to the peaceful mansion of our village pastor; where the reality, not the semblance, of happiness really exists; learn here a useful lesson, my dear; it is not riches that forms their enjoyment, for they are poor, comparatively speaking; yet, in their humble state, they are enabled to do more good to the poor, than

the wretched owner of that stately castle, and its rich domains.

“The most princely fortune, will not support extravagancies; whilst the narrowest, on proper principles, may be so managed as to contribute to our comfort, and still leave a mite for the necessities of others.

“To be truly happy, (I mean as much so as humanity will admit of) we must be truly religious; on this base, the inhabitants of the parsonage rear their fabric of bliss; it teaches them to subdue irregular affections and desires, to cultivate and cherish all the best propensi-

ties of our nature; to discharge their relative duties aright, and, lastly, to pour balm into the wounds of the afflicted; in acting thus, they look not for reward from their fellow creatures; a higher motive actuates them, and they experience a rich recompence, which the world can neither give, nor take away.

“ But go, my love,” said Mrs. Edgworth, “ I would not engage your attention too long, the morning is beautiful, and visit your pensioners; and on your return, bring Mrs. Herbert with you, to share in our delicacies; I did not know till

this morning, that Mary had taken a basket out of the coach, which, on examining, we found contained peaches, nectarines, grapes and a fine pine." "Oh! the good little Fitz," said Josephine; "but I will not tell Mamma Herbert of it, we will give her an agreeable surprize, after dinner, well knowing how much it enhances enjoyment, by my experience of yesterday."

CHAPTER XIV.

“ Give me thus high my pride I raise,
“ The ploughman’s, or the gardner’s praise,
“ With patient and unceasing toil,
“ To mend and cultivate the soil ;
“ Then say, no higher meed I ask,
“ With zeal hast thou performed thy task.”

SIR WM. JONES.

“ To the domestic shade, woo friendship
“ And instruction.”

THOMSON.

THUS passed the summer, and I
began to feel thoughtful about the

approach of winter, the period I had fixed upon for my return home; the subject was so painful, that I shrunk from entering upon it; and it was matter of surprize to me, that my friend seemed equally desirous of avoiding it.— One evening when Josephine was engaged in the store-room, and we had drawn round the fire, Mrs. Edgworth entered with pleasure upon the improvement of her mind; her face, though lovely, continued she, owes its greatest charm to the animation and intelligence which lights it up, and she truly possesses,

“ The wondrous magic, that by sweet sur-
prize,

“ From look, from motion, and from silence
rise ;

“ The eloquence which wins without a sound,

“ And the soft charm in gentle manners
found.”

“ Her evil tendencies appear no longer to exist, she is become modest, docile, vigilant and attentive ; but, above all, her adherence to truth is most commendable ; how delightful to cultivate a mind which so well repays the culture !”

“ True,” said I ; “ but, certainly, much depends upon the management and skill of the cultivator.

How often have I been shocked

to see young people, with good understandings and dispositions, totally ruined by injudicious indulgence, and the incapacity of their instructors, who have suffered the mind to be overrun with weeds, choaking the flowers which otherwise would have flourished there, and whose fragrance would have dispensed sweets to all around them.

“Such might have been the fate of Josephine; from neglect, and want of example, unamiable propensities were making rapid strides to obscure the excellence of her heart and temper; in a short time she would have acquired habits

that might have been difficult to eradicate."

"As you see the necessity of unremitting care and example, in the formation of character, why take Josephine from us? Though her mind beautifully blossoms, it may yet be blighted, and we may gather no fruit: she is at a critical age, and it is possible, under some circumstances, she may lose all she has gained. Where can she reap the benefit she will here; our worthy rector, Mrs. Herbert, the good Mr. Mordaunt, and even the lively Fitzhenry, will join us in the pleasing task of perfecting her still

more, till her acquirements settle into habits. Under circumstances of bitter adversity (that test of human friendship) you displayed for me the most sincere regard; our love for each other has been uniform, since the early period of life; why can we not close it near each other; this child will sweeten the decline of it to both."

"Say no more," said I, "there needed not such arguments to make me embrace it with joy; I only wonder you have not thought of it before." "I have," said she, smiling, "but I knew your attachment to your native

place; and, to be honest with you, I feared your prejudices." "Ah! those prejudices!" exclaimed I; "but they will exist no longer; with Josephine I shall be enlightened and improved by your society and example."

It is needless to enumerate the pleasures which this arrangement gave birth to in our circle; my niece expressed her joy in a manner that a common observer might have taken for sorrow. Nothing now remained to prevent the completion of our plan, but the settlement of my affairs at L——, to which place I hastened in a few

days : puss purred around me, with tokens of fond remembrance ; and I was received by my old maid-servant with unfeigned delight, whose future comfort and happiness I determined should never be separated from my own.

Some difficulties arose, which retarded my return longer than I expected : I felt solitary, and thought I could not appropriate my evenings to a better purpose, than by simply relating what I had heard and seen ; it requires but humble talents to do this ; and more than this it has not been my aim to accomplish.

If this recital of a summer, in the life of a little girl, should afford an hour's amusement to youth, and stimulate them to docility of mind, when receiving instruction from their teachers, my end will be answered. And, as not only all their future comfort in life, but their everlasting happiness, depends upon early impressions, or, as the wisest of mankind has said, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," how important is the duty of PARENTS and INSTRUCTORS.







